

15.5

Kross Wirez

**OUT OF THE NETHER: Stumped
camps and swinging guitars?**

ROSALIE
NIHILISTS

40% less
abstruse!

ROSALIE
NIHILISTS

**TWO HAPPY LANDLORDS SPEAK:
how 2 Secure your Music Future!**

**TOOWONG PUNKS vs. POSSUMS +
Bris Counter-Culture Critical History**

Dead trees & magnets

Well, here we are

This is zine number 15.5 and I am beginning this with a renewed faith in starting and not knowing what will come, only that anxiety is okay and it is okay to know not the precise details yet and that I do not have to live in guilt and constant pious, dead revision of the small, mediocre-minded, written and partly erased and rationalised and apologised for again, blocking the energy that once existed for what felt new and in movement. A mistake was in thinking that the exciting things I had been doing were any good in the first place in any way that deserves a posthumous stagnation – I mean not that I am dead, I mean, that there were such an amount of nice uniform zines with such attention that they represented a standard of neat officialdom and accomplishment that I could barely replicate them. So detached I was, from the precise struggles and uncertainties that created them, that I perceived them as stagnant objects that were created in some other, creatively privileged inspiration that is more myself but that I can't and don't really want to access. They are there, like professional products. I can remember the stylistic elements. I can write! It is easy to write. I've been filling in time writing things that are neither stolid nor confidently deranged and urgent. Data about experience and experimenting with concepts is below passionate work. Hit or miss, really, in it's effect, but I want to feel excited about sharing it. It's not good enough to just pass as something fitting with the elements of past good stuff. Not good enough for me, if not a reader unaware of my actual dullness. The situation then, was, showing the subjectivity of a situation shared with other subjects, feeling purposeful but also regarding the carrot-on-a-stick material objectives with playfulness which never sees any stagnant format or order as the *real* objective. Somewhere, I established myself and my output as objects of respect, and became a kind of person – a writer. That distant officialdom and social separation of being complacent in your sense of decency. Don't I remember the vulnerability, that sense of satisfaction in printing out these and handing them out to a few friends, even if they were actually shitty drafts of drafts? The cringing uncertainties, the cautious re-reading after flicking them away? And, the actual frivolous derangement of some of the content

that most of the world is not concerned about? When was I ever doing this as an objective for me, as in, me becoming a particular type of person, with a comfortable standard of success defined by a collection of stuff? There may be a time when my work, my social contribution, feels done or on hiatus, but that is not now. Toss them out there. I'm not that important, they're not that important, they're inadequate objects, fleeting interactions, let me move by contending with these conflicts that are inside me now. They are not conflicts of opinions and arguments and sore spots, so much, as a mess of detachments with that slightly-less-than-cosy excitement or unease that comes from travelling and breathing nice night air, hearing echoing voices, seeing movement of people and urgent ideas. What happened? I had grand ideas of ism's and utopias beyond what I could ever feel forever. Where my little friends? What do I really understand? I tested myself. Here is a wall of ideals of vain, pig-like emotional attachments to signifiers of my territory, my particular road to seeming salvation, made decisive by repetition in the abstract – jargon, jingoism, numb or cringing compulsive, nervous apology, digging self into a rut of mean-spirited subtleties and conviction-light ramblings that I don't even really mean, or ultimately want to have at the forefront. It is true that right now I am apologising, but I am more coherent and faithful. It is also true that what I did do isn't wholly deserving of scorn, as I have subsumed it into this story here. To an extent, I was, and am, a victim of circumstance and I forgive myself. Will you, reader, forgive me if I have put out some shitty zines? Will I, the author, forgive you if you actually related to the content of the worse parts, putting you on my level? Of course. I need to know you, everyone, not appease me thinking about me and you thinking about you in cosy little bubbles.

Airing some particularly difficult, contagious sores/mental viruses is part of a diagnostic process but I'll put that shit away before it gets too addictive. We're not each other's scientific dissections, or our own. Not about me, or you, or the workers, or the capitalists, or the zines, or the publishers, or the to-read lists, the sociology, the psychology, the little minute mundane snapshots, any of that. Bad doctors can be clever.

FILM REVIEW SCABBED OFF MESSENGER WHY NOT

i watched soldier from 1998 starring kurt russell (snake from escape from new york), hadn't seen it before, it's a kind of forgotten film that bombed when it was released, found it a pretty amazing sci-fi action movie, was really impressed and kind of sad it's kind of forgotten, everything about it was solid and kurt russell was good as the stoic deadpan hero, 8 out of 10 from me

PARTY FAVOUR

Well, ah, parties don't *feel* relevant here, to me writing right now, though I was thinking that they do fit with the idea of the zine, and I would like to write something. If I recounted parties in an uninspired way, it would be me telling you some silly things that are too much about me, right now. Oh of course it's valid in a sense that it's tolerated and it can be demonstrated as useful, having tidbits from other's experiences but I'm not sure what I want to pass on here. It's not greedy secrecy, is it? Could it be a teaser, for you to go to parties to see for yourselves? No, that feels self-serving to say, as if I'm mocking you for not having fun that I am supposedly having. I don't know why I am really talk about parties, actually. You all know what a party is. I just don't know why I started writing about them, and that's a bit funny.

Next, I could talk about shows, but I might stop myself. I didn't stop myself talking about food in the last edition. I talked about all the stuff I actively didn't want to be preoccupied with. That's a bit funny, too. Shows are funny things. Like I dunno? I don't not want to. I don't have to. Haha! *This* is a show!

A TALE OF TWO LANDLORDS

The relationship of the matey, no-lease landlord to the possible charity case of a long term tenant is an odd one. Paying below market rates means that, depending how you look at it, they're giving you money or you're lining their pockets in the most frank, capitalistic way seeing as they probably own the property outright if they afford to do that. In exchange for cheaper rent, the

unspoken agreement is that the tenant allows the landlord to endlessly speculate about ad-hoc business initiatives.

This will sometimes loudly take place outside tenant's bedroom doors. No doubt, feral hives of hoarded sub-cultural paraphernalia so pleasing to imagine swept up in a Changing Rooms operation. Students and airbnb pay more. There is a continual question of whether the complacency, the nostalgic sentiment, and kind concession will override the weight of cultural forces saying, "buy, sell, maximise assets". It seems delicate. In any dispute of social and economic relations, you're offering proofs to the existing stewards of resources that you'd be a better one than they are. Or, worse. Which is usually the case, it often appears. They, for sure, didn't deserve the head start they got over you. They might agree. Gimme free rent, then? No, you bitter person. You cold business man. Activist, or not. How do you front up? What've you got that they haven't? That's a great, wonderful mystery. It's about justice, yep. That's the starting point. It's you and them, though, 'them' as a person and not a class – the slow-burning contention.

Ever woken up to somebody sauntering around in your house delighting in the possibilities of tearing everything off the walls to fleece students? Ignored an unexpected knock on the door only to hear a key turn and an IT man and your landlord's wife walk in on your grotty trackies and drinking session aftermath because the guests upstairs desperately need to download Game of Thrones and rate 5 stars your renovated old house (that is a stone's throw away from quirky, authentic cultural attractions)? Sorry bout the hickups m8, we [c@re](#). Hey, I'll keep ya in the loop about future developments. Love your work man, respect yr lifestyle n' all sure you dont wanna run a backpackers, help out a bit around the place, give you a leg up? Be like me! Someday I'll hear your wife awkwardly laughing at sexist comments or arguing through the thin walls. Just the world we live in, yeah? I've never let ya down...

A PARTY

Well, I went to a show. I dunno what to say about

the show. Mine was a good one, but I dunno, it was mine (my warn, drunk gaze). It was at a place called Mount, which, is a very civilised place – house, I mean. There are lots of venues that pretend to be homes, but this was a home that pretends to be a formal venue and does it very professionally. There is no clutter or fossilised share house residue, just fairy lights and decorative plants. Possums, too, if you linger silently for these little crust punks to come out, sorting through the beer cans, leaving footprints on the roof like many Brisbane house show guests have done. Funny, this is perhaps the most frequented, safe, dependable venue for art and music that is truly independent and BYO in Brisbane but it doesn't elicit the same mythologising rave reviews of 116, for instance. This Toowong leafy suburb, bare-timber-interior home probably housed more raucous family piano singalongs at some point. I am more prone to imagine staring at the backyard trees while feeling light and poetic on vegan piety and coffee.

The lineups are very good and what's funny also are, the memorability of moments like some kind of stray curtain rod being knocked (taken?) down and uncertainly dealt with during a Sewers set, a whiteboard with adolescent graffiti on the set list notice falling down, and finally, a police noise caution after (or during?) a noisy bunch of New Zealander's inchoate wailing, which was actually a cringing confessional about sexual morality (Centre Negative: "I am not punk, I am just conservative! All I want a do is... Fuuu"). It is an endearing image, pensive Jaden picking up No-Doz tablets off what was probably, a nice Persian rug. Reckon it should be called the Kind Rellies, Take Your Shoes Off, Your Nan's House, something for brats to appreciate. Get there uphill, both ways, rain hail or shine kids.

SPORTS SECTION

Seeking contributors for underground sport news. The closest thing to this is reporting Heidi Ack and Glan Schenau's heroic treks for Brisbane Underground Music walking 2hours to or from the aforementioned Toowong house, while also possibly digesting handicapping substances. This is testament to their heroic will; true sporting achievers. The other news I can think of is

somebody falling out of a tree in 2006. Also, Glan was up first that night, no wonder he hobbled out in camo gear so slowly, holding a clock. Beautiful performance, all in great time. Amateur Childbirth and Jordan Ireland notable also for a steadfast defense against bullies in making it to the A league Post-Emo Championships, long fringes, black frames intact. Not least, Greg Charles and band's trek through the Kokoda-like greenery of Burleigh Heads and Kyogle and perhaps, mountains of weed. Good work boys.

Next: Brisbane Bands Cricket League scores, plus dodging baby monster trucks on Friday M1, Brisbane to GC Family Benefit Race.

Oh and the Rosalie Nihilists won a game against the Brewers but did not compromise their Last Place position in the BBCL table. Expect to be Nihilated!



BRISBANE HISTORY BY THE INTERN

Brisbane is a city where, we are free to Xpress our oppinions and creative ideas. It was not also like this, we know, as we all know about the Jo Bjelke Petersen years, or well, lots of people, as there was an ABC documentary about the corrupt politicians and the Saint's story as well, as the 1977 punk band (the streets were then ripe with grit for the punks to protest). There was a lot of violence with protesters and the hippies. What we have to remember is that there, in the 1970s and 1980s there were alcoholics, consumerist

ideals, sexism and violence also and very bad behavior that is a lot worse than youth in today's punk culture so the police were lots of the time possibly doing a job of stopping the rowdy boys from putting a molotov cocktail through a, say, a single mother on Whitlam's pensions window, or through her vegetable garden for hippies and also worse flicking a cigarette butt – no not only one cigarette butt – out windows in the suburbs where big wooden Queenslander homes were lower class and smoke alarms were not invented maybe let alone been compulsory like from today's government.

There were also venues such as Cloud Land which was an American cultural imperialist man and a ball room where the women were sat on chairs for the men to pick like it was a shop for the dancers. There was also, The Clash and Dead Kennedies playing there which has shown what the punks needed to progress in those bands even being in such spaces. Also with in consideration is that Baby Boomers, we now know they are called, could have invested in property and seeing as punks have a lot to offer in social conscience they should have got a factory job or been politicians as understanding the big working class who also worked in factories (like the Fall songs), and women, and the environment and so could of built better venues for everyone and families, in buying a property. Something like a XXXX sign for a alternative to the neon lights that does not signify sexism like the three X, though it doesn't have to be beer. X means no, which is a subversive sign but secretive also. There are many, as we know, greedy Baby Boomers so actually they should have not invested in property to leave it for the next generations, or *all* of them should invested for more of all our parent's to have instead of the rich.

There was also left wingers back then, whom could of educated the other baby boomers who were out of touch because they didn't have the same education about social skills through today's awareness and discussion. The Saints also marked territory in an abandoned house like male dogs do, though there making fun of religious belief with a joke name was against the sexism of religion. Also Chris Bailey wore pro women protest badges. But another bad thing

was there was a incest song that was from Elvis and they appropriated the working class culture also though. The In Between – I mean Go Betweens also had a song called Cattle and Cane which took from rural cultures perhaps and also focused on cane toad habitat over natural foliage and flora. I would rather of seen a boxing kangaroo (boxing a punching bag of course), being sung about. It is possibly that there was a Australian Aboriginal song about the traditional land scape such as koalas, the kangaroos, blue tongue lizards and bush turkeys that we learned about in excursions that Rage or big corporations never put on. It is funny that the wombats were to be an overseas band (but not punk still).

There was then a station called 4zzz or 4zz out of the University (which also used the Cloud Land for exams) of Queensland or the Queensland University of Tafe (?) which became the technology university, actually maybe it was the Tafe kind of one because they had technology which went on Mount Coottha to project a signal, and lots of complex technologies. They played a lot of punk rock against the Queen for one social issue for instance and asked permission to stay, eventually getting full permission. Although in early stages there was a male dominant punk rock music style that is the most remembered and the males and girls could be mean in Queensland in the 1970s to 90s more so than in present day with punks. There was some fighting back then and some mean making fun of things and a phallic logo of a banana, which is present day manifested in the popular Peanut Butter Jelly Time internet meme, and as research has shown, also Family guy, which also drawn from 1960s garage rock and roll traditions and surfer gang men's groups.

The alcohol too was also a large part of that culture which gave a space for young people to belong when adult culture doesn't enable the youths to drink in pubs for instance and Dads were in pubs and were racist, sexist, capitalist and taught fishing over the chores most likely while the women did the house work, so, the youths could protest the pollution in the Brisbane River and harpoons while also drinking with better role models and comrades in non commercial space. There were even stories back then that got into the big news places, that 4zzz

discovered and the government would even give them money later. My brain is hurting a bit thinking of all the historical research but at least my skull is intact (yes and we cannot forget the violence towards the protestors). Thank you predecessors, predecessors he he so we can enjoy the freedoms we do of today. =]

Thank you, stay brave



Illustration 1: Brave man one year ago, Smith Street Motorway

